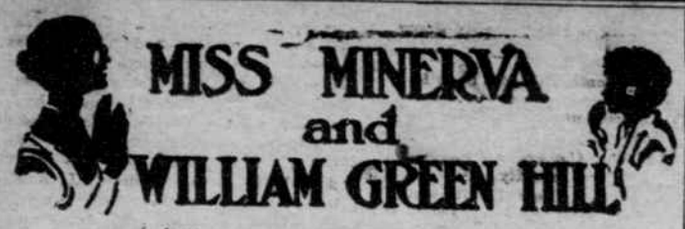

MISS MINERVA and WILLIAM GREEN HILL

By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

CHAPTER X.

Lo! The Poor Indians.

Billy had just decided to run down to the livery stable to pay Sam Lamb a visit when the gate opened, and Lina and Frances, their beloved dolls in their arms, came skipping in.

Jimmy, who had had a difference with Billy and was in the sulks on his own side of the fence, immediately climbed over and joined the others in the swing. He was lonesome and the prospect of companionship was too alluring for him to nurse his anger longer.

"Aunt Minerva's gone to the Aid Society," remarked the host. "Don't y' all wish it met ev'y day 'stid 'er jes' meetin' ev'y Monday?"

"Yes, I do," agreed Frances, "you can have so much fun when our mamas go to the Aid. My mama's gone too, so she left me with Brother and he's writing a love letter to Ruth Shelton, so I slipped off."

"Mother has gone to the Aid, too," said Lina.

"My mama too," chimed in Jimmy, "she goes to the Aid every Monday and to card parties nearly all the time. She telled Sarah Jane to 'tend to me and Sarah Jane's asleep. I hear her snoring. Ain't we glad there ain't no grown folks to meddle? Can't we have fun?"

"What'll we play?" asked Frances, who had deliberately stepped in a mud puddle on the way, and splashed mud all over herself, "let's make mud pies."

"Naw, we ain't a-going to make no mud pies," objected Jimmy. "We can make mud pies all time when grown folks 'r' looking at you."

"Let's play sumpin' what we ain't never play, sense we's born," put in Billy.

"I hope grandmother won't miss me," said Lina, "she's reading a very interesting book."

"Let's plan Injun!" yelled Jimmy; "we ain't never play' Injun."

This suggestion was received with howls of delight.

"My mama's got a box of red stuff that she puts on her face when she goes to card parties. She never puts none on when she just goes to the Aid. I can run home and get the box to make us red like Injuns," said Frances.

"My mother has a box of paint, too."

"I ain't never see Aunt Minerva put no red stuff on her face," remarked Billy, disappointedly.

"Miss Minerva, she don't never let the Major come to see her, nor go to no card parties, is the reason," explained the younger boy, "she just goes to the Aid where they ain't no men, and you don't hafter put no red on your face at the Aid. We'll let you have some of our paint, Billy. My mama's got 'bout a million diff'ent kinds."

"We got to have pipes," was Frances's next suggestion.

"My papa's got 'bout a million pipes," boasted Jimmy, "but he got 'em to the office, I spec'."

"Father has a meerschaum."

"Aunt Minerva ain't got no pipe."

"Miss Minerva's 'bout the curiousest woman they is," said Jimmy; "she ain't got nothing a tall; she ain't got no paint and she ain't got no pipe."

"Ladies don't use pipes, and we can do without them anyway," said Lina, "but we must have feathers; all Indians wear feathers."

"I'll get my mama's duster," said Jimmy.

"Me, too," chimed in Frances.

Here Billy with flying colors came to the fore and redeemed Miss Minerva's waning reputation.

"Aunt Minerva's got a great, big buncher tu'key feathers an' I can git 'em right now," and the little boy flew into the house and was back in a few seconds.

"We must have blankets, of course," said Lina, with the air of one whose word is law; "mother has a genuine Navajo."

"I got a little bow'narruh what Santa Claus bringed me," put in Jimmy.

"We can use hatchets for tomahawks," continued the little girl. "Come on, Frances; let us go home and get our things and come back here to dress up. Run, Jimmy, get your things! You, too, Billy!" she commanded.

The children ran breathlessly to their homes nearby and collected the different articles necessary to transform them into presentable Indians.

They soon returned, Jimmy dumping his load over the fence and tumbling after; and the happy quartette sat down on the grass in Miss Minerva's yard. First the paint boxes were opened and generously shared with Billy, as with their handkerchiefs they spread thick layers of rouge over their charming, bright, mischievous little faces.

The feather decoration was next in order.

"How we goin' to make these feathers stick?" asked Billy.

They were in a dilemma till the resourceful Jimmy came to the rescue.

"Wait a minute," he cried, "I'll be back 'fore you can say 'Jack Robinson'."

He rolled over the fence and was back in a few minutes, gleefully holding up a bottle.

"This muc-lage 'll make 'em stick," he panted, almost out of breath.

Lina assumed charge of the head dresses. She took Billy first, rubbed the mucilage well into his sunny curls and filled his head full of his aunt's turkey feathers, leaving them to stick out awkwardly in all directions and at all angles. Jimmy and Frances after robbing their mothers' dusters were similarly decorated, and last, Lina, herself, was tastefully arrayed by the combined efforts of the other three.

At last all were in readiness.

Billy, regardless of consequences, had pinned his aunt's newest grey blanket around him and was viewing, with satisfied admiration, its long length trailing on the grass behind him; Lina had her mother's treasured Navajo blanket draped around her graceful little figure; Frances, after pulling the covers off of several beds and finding nothing to suit her fanciful taste, had snatched a gorgeous silk afghan from the leather couch in the library. It was an expensive affair of intricate pattern, delicate stitches, and beautiful embroidery with a purple velvet border and a yellow satin lining. She had dragged one corner of it through the mud puddle and torn a big rent in another place. Jimmy was glorious in a bright red blanket, carrying his little bow and arrow.

"I'm going to be the Injun chief," he boasted.

"I'm going to be a Injun chief, too," parroted Frances.

"—'Chief, nothing!" he sneered, "you all time trying to be a Injun chief. You 'bout the pompousest little girl they is. You can't be a chief nohow; you got to be a squash, Injun ladies 'r' name' squashes; me an' Billy's the chiefs. I'm name' old Setting Bull, hi-self."

"You can't be named 'Bull,' Jimmy," reproved Lina, "it isn't genteel to say 'bull' before people."

"Yes, I am too," he continued. "Setting Bull's the biggest chief they is and I'm going to be name' him."

"Well, I am not going to play then," said Lina primly, "my mother wants me to be genteel, and 'bull' is not genteel."

"I tell you what, Jimmy," proposed Frances, "you be name' 'Setting Cow.' 'Cow' is genteel 'cause folks milk 'em."

"Naw, I ain't going to be name' no cow, neither," retorted the little Indian, "you all time trying to 'suade somebody to be name' 'Setting Cow'."

"He can't be name' a cow,"—Billy now entered the discussion—"'cause he ain't no girl. Why don't you be name' 'Settin' Steer'? Is 'steer' genteel, Lina?" he anxiously inquired.

"Yes, he can be named 'Sitting Steer'," she granted. Jimmy agreeing to the compromise, peace was once more restored.

"Frances and Lina got to be the squashes——" he began.

"It isn't 'squashes,' it is 'squaws,'" corrected Lina.

"Yes, 'tis squashes too," persisted Jimmy, "'cause it's in the Bible and Miss Cecilia 'splained it to me and she's 'bout the high-steppingest 'splainer they is. Me and Billy is the chiefs," he shouted, capering around, "and you and Frances is the squashes and got to have papooses strop' to your back."

"Bennie Dick can be a papoose," suggested Billy.

"I'm not going to be a Injun squash if I got to have a nigger papoose strapped to my back;" cried an indignant Frances. "You can strap him to your own back, Billy."

"But I ain't no squash," objected that little Indian.

"We can have our dolls for papooses," said Lina, going to the swing where the dolls had been left. Billy pulled a piece of string from his pocket and the babies were safely strapped to their mothers' backs. With stately tread, headed by Sitting Steer, the children marched back and forth across the lawn in Indian file.

So absorbed were they in playing Indian that they forgot the flight of time until their chief suddenly stopped, all his brave valor gone as he pointed with trembling finger up the street.

That part of the Ladies' Aid Society which lived in West Covington was bearing down upon them.

"Yonder's our mamas and Miss Minerva," he whispered. "Now look what a mess Billy's done got us in; he all time got to perpose someping to get chillens in trouble and he all time got to let grown folks ketch 'em."

"Aren't you ashamed to tell such a story, Jimmy Garner?" cried Frances. "Billy didn't propose any such thing.

"'Tain't no use to run," advised Jimmy. "They're too close and done already see us. We boun' to get what's coming to us anyway, so you might jus' as well make 'em think you ain't 'fraid of 'em. Grown folks got to all time think little boys and girls 'r skeered of 'em, anyhow."

"Aunt Minerva'll sho' put me to bed this time," said Billy. "Looks like ev'y day I gotter go to bed."

"Mother will make me study the catechism all day tomorrow," said Lina dismally.

"Mama'll lock me up in the little closet under the stairway," said Frances.

"My mama'll gimme 'bout a million licks and try to take all the hide off o' me," said Jimmy; "but we done had a heap of fun."

It was some 'hours later. Billy's aunt had ruthlessly clipped the turkey feathers from his head, taking the hair off in great patches. She had then boiled his scalp, so the little boy thought, in her efforts to remove the mucilage. Now, shorn of his locks and of some of his courage, the child was sitting quietly by her side, listening to a superior moral lecture and indulging in a compulsory heart-to-heart talk with his relative.

"I don't see that it does you any good, William, to put you to bed."

"I don' see as it do neither," agreed Billy.

"I can not whip you; I am constitutionally opposed to corporal punishment for children."

"I's 'posed to it too," he assented.

"I believe I will hire a servant, so that I may devote my entire time to your training.

This prospect for the future did not appeal to her nephew. On the contrary it filled him with alarm.

"A husband 'd be another sight handier," he declared with energy; "he'd be a heap mo' 'count to you'n a cook, Aunt Minerva. There's that Major——"

"You will never make a preacher of yourself, William, unless you improve."

The child looked up at her with astonishment; this was the first he knew of his being destined for the ministry.

"A preacher what 'zorts an' calls up mourners?" he said,—"not on yo' tin-type. Me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln—"

"How many times have I expressed the wish not to have you bring that negro's name into the conversation?" she impatiently interrupted.

"I don' perzactly know, 'm," he answered good humoredly, "'bout fifty hunderd, I reckon. Anyways, Aunt Minerva, I ain't goin' to be no preacher. When I puts on long pants I's goin' to be a Confedrit Vet'run an' kill 'bout fifty hunderd Yankees an' Injuns, like my Major man."

CHAPTER XI.

Now Riddle Me This.

The children were sitting in the swing. Florence Hammer, a little girl whose mother was spending the day at Miss Minerva's, was with them.

"Don't you-all wish Santa Claus had his birthday right now 'stead 'o waiting till Christmas to hang up our stockings?" asked Frances.

"Christmas isn't Santa Claus' birthday," corrected Lina. "God was born on Christmas and that's the reason we hang up our stockings."

"Yes; it's old Santa's birthday, too," argued Jimmy, "'cause it's in the Bible and Miss Cecilia 'splained it to me and she 'bout the dandiest 'splainer they is."

"Which you'all like the best: God or Doctor Sanford or Santa Claus?" asked Florence.

"I like God 'nother sight better'n I do anybody," declared Jimmy, "'cause He so forgivingsome. He's 'bout the forgivingest person they is. Santa Claus can't let you go to Heaven nor Doctor Sanford neither, nor our papas and mamas nor Miss Minerva. Now wouldn't we be in a pretty fix if we had to 'pend on Doctor Sanford or Santa Claus to forgive you every time you run off or fall down and bust your breeches. Naw; gimme God ev'y time."

"I like Santa Claus the best," declared Frances, "'cause he isn't f'rever getting in your way, and hasn't any castor oil like Doctor Sanford, and you don't f'rever have to be telling him you're sorry you did what you did, and he hasn't all time got one eye on you either, like God, and got to follow you 'round. And Santa Claus don't all time say, 'Shet your eyes and open your mouth,' like Doctor Sanford, 'and poke out your tongue.'"

"I like Doctor Sanford the best," said Florence, "'cause he's my uncle, and God and Santa Claus ain't kin to me."

"And the Bible says, 'Love your kin-folks,' Miss Cecilia 'splained—"

"I use to like my Uncle Doc' heap better'n what I do now," went on the little girl, heedless of Jimmy's interruption, "till I went with daddy to his office one day. And what you reckon that man's got in his office? He 'is got a dead man 'thout no meat nor clo'es on, nothing a tall but just his bones."

"Was he a hant?" asked Billy. "I like the Major best—he's got meat on."

"Naw; he didn't have no sheet on—just bones," was the reply.

"No sheet on; no meat on!" chirruped Billy, glad of the rhyme.

"Was he a angel, Florence?" questioned Frances.

"Naw; he didn't have no harp and no wings neither."

"It must have been a skeleton," explained Lina.

"And Uncle Doc' just keep that poor man there and won't let him go to Heaven where dead folks b'longs."

"I spec' he wasn't a good man 'fore he died and got to go to the Bad place," suggested Frances.

"I'll betcher he never asked God to forgive him when he 'celved his papa and sassed his mama,"—this from Jimmy,—"and Doctor Sanford's just a-keeping old Satan from getting him to toast on a pitchfork."

"I hope they'll have a Christmas tree at Sunday-School next Christmas," said Frances, harking back, "and I hope I'll get a heap o' things like I did last Christmas. Poor little Tommy Knott he's so skeered he wasn't going to get nothing at all on the tree so he got him a great, big, red apple an' he wrote on a piece o' paper 'From Tommy Knott to Tommy Knott,' and tied it to the apple and put it on the tree for hi'self."

"Let's ask riddles," suggested Lina.

"All right," shouted Frances, "I'm going to ask the first."

"Naw; you ain't neither," objected Jimmy. "You all time got to ask the first riddle. I'm going to ask the first one—

"'Round as a biscuit, busy as a bee,
Prettiest little thing you ever did see?——
'A watch.'

"'Humpty Dumpty set on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses and all the king's men.
Can't put Humpty Dumpty back again.'
'A egg.'

"'Round as a ring, deep as a cup,
All the king's horses can't pull it up.'
"A well.'

"'House full, yard full, can't ketch—'"

"Hush, Jimmy!" cried Lina, in disgust. "You don't know how to ask riddles. You must n't give the answers, too. Ask one riddle at a time and let some one else answer it:

"'As I was going through a field of wheat
I picked up something good to eat,
'Twas neither fish nor flesh nor bone,
I kept it till it ran alone?'"

"A snake! A snake!" guessed Florence. "That's a easy riddle."

"Snake, nothing!" scoffed Jimmy, "you can't eat a snake. 'Sides Lina wouldn't 'a picked up a snake. Is it a little baby rabbit, Lina?"

"It was neither fish nor flesh nor bone," she declared; "and a rabbit is flesh and bone."

"Then it's boun' to be a apple," was Jimmy's next guess; "that ain't no flesh and blood and it's good to eat."

(To Be Continued.)

Subscribe for the Republican.

A Single Hair

By PERCY G. HALL

The editor of the Excelsior Magazine sat at his desk opening envelopes containing contributions. Running over the sheets of one to discover if it came within the prescribed length, he found between two of them a hair. It was too long for a man's hair and too short for a woman's. But it must be one or the other, and since the manuscript was sent in by a woman he concluded that it had belonged to the latter. It was not black or brown or red; it was golden. And the name of the girl on whose head it had doubtless grown was Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. But perhaps this was fictitious.

The Excelsior Magazine was published in the far west, where women, being comparatively scarce, are appreciated. Possibly it was this that led the editor to dream over the golden hair and Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith. He was a young man of ideal tastes. He was not the owner of the periodical, but an employee whose business it was to select such contributions as would fit in between certain other staple matter. He possessed literary discrimination, but was aware that this delicate faculty was not considered in fixing his salary. What was expected of him was to read the manuscripts that came in to see that there was nothing in them calculated to offend any of the magazine's patrons, selecting those that would fit the empty spaces.

That a good name for Miss Arrowsmith would be "the fair one with the golden locks" gradually insinuated itself into the young editor's mind. He estimated the length of her production and, finding it within limits, laid it aside for acceptance in case it contained nothing objectionable. Meanwhile his operative mentality was on his work, but his ideal faculties—those akin to soul—were on "the fair one with the golden locks." By the time he had read her manuscript he had conjured up a poetic, aesthetic condition that enabled him to see in it the highest degree of literary merit. The language was "plains" or gulch language, and the author had succeeded in giving it as correctly as if she had kept a cowboy's boarding house. There were Rattlesnake Bill and Mexican Pete, as "bad men as ever fanned a 45 or twisted a bowie." Then there was Cactus Kate, not overparticular in her loves, but "a heart as big as Table mountain."

The story was available, but when the editor contemplated offering the management's limit of compensation for such productions—$2.50—his whole ideal nature sickened. Yet what could he do? Any suggestion to pay an additional sum for a literary gem would only meet with a snarl from his chief and the remark that "we ain't in this yere business to edecate authors, but for dust." He concluded to soften the blow for the fair one with the golden locks by writing her a letter of apology for offering her so pitiful a sum for her production.

If he had stopped at this there need have been no harm done. All editors kindly insert feather beds under struggling authors before knocking them down. It's a feature of the business. But the gold strand had stuck in his head, and he added some "soft stuff." He inclosed the proprietor's check for the price to be paid and sent the whole away with a fluttering heart.

A few days later the young editor heard a stentorian voice in the manager's private room debating some question with all the intensity of language of Rattlesnake Bill or Mexican Pete in the story. Then the manager called the editor into his office. There stood a strapping cowboy whose yellow hair hung down under his sombrero. There were pistols and cartridges in his belt and spurs big enough for buzz saws on his heels. He was flushed with anger; but, on seeing the editor, who was a delicate fellow of five feet two inches and a hundred pounds weight, he stood astonished for a moment then burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter.

"Be you the kid as writ that?" he asked, holding forth the editor's apologetic message.

The editor stood stupefied.

"Waal, waal, I ain't on the blow about seein' big wonders, but this is the blarstedest observation I ever made. So y' took me for a gal. And the hair ez got in between the sheets. A golden strand. And y' daubed in some soft soap on me. I sure never see nothin' like this before."

"Did you write the stuff?" asked the proprietor of Nathalie Rose Arrowsmith.

"Sartin. I read it to the boys, and they 'lowed it was fine."

"What made you choose that name?"

"Why, pard, I was called sudden on a roundup and lef' the stuff with a young feller ez jist come out to the Peters ranch from the east to send to your magazine. He put on the name. He said he'd give it a nom der plum."

"It is a plum," remarked the proprietor contemptuously.

"Waal, little one, I come up yere to to see what kind of a galoot took me for a gal. I thort as if there was ary insult intended, though I ain't much on gun suddenness, I'd jist bore a hole in the man as did it. But you ain't big enough target for my guns. Goodby, Mr. Proprietor; goodby, little one."

And he walked out to the music of his spurs.

Then the manager turned to his editor.

"I reckon," he said, "this ain't no pasture for a moon calf like you? Y' better go east to some o' them college magazines. Here's your salary to date."

CURIOUS BITS OF HISTORY

By W. A. MACY.

THE DISCOVERER OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

It is not often that a man succeeds in giving his name to a disease, as did Dr. Richard Bright. He was not a great man, nor a great physician; yet his career is an illustration of what may be accomplished by persistence and hard work. He was born in Bristol, England, in 1789. After graduating in medicine he set up practice in London. He was very studious, and made a thorough study of the kidneys, collecting and recording an immense amount of information relating thereto. He visited many hospitals on the continent, always observing and noting. After the battle of Waterloo he assisted in caring for the wounded in the hospitals of Brussels. He was the first to point out the nature of the disease of the kidneys, then little understood, from which so many people were dying every year. He devoted so much time to the subject, and studied the disease so carefully and minutely, that it came to be called by his name. His success was due to his diligence and to his powers of observation. As a brother physician said, "Bright could not theorize, but he could see."

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N & W Ry Norfolk & Western

Schedule in Effect June 11, 1911.

Leave Tazewell Daily for Bluefield
10:30 a. m. 6:39 p. m.
For Norton
9:45 a. m. 3:00 p. m.

LEAVE BLUEFIELD,
EAST BOUND.

9:15 a. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Norfolk and points on Shenandoah Division. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Cafe Car to Roanoke. Pullman sleeper Roanoke to New York via Hagerstown. Dining car. Parlor car Roanoke and Richmond.

7:20 a. m. daily for East Radford, Roanoke and Norfolk. Pullman Parlor car Roanoke and Richmond.

2:30 p. m. daily for Roanoke, Lynchburg and intermediate stations and the Shenandoah Valley. Pullman sleeper Gary New York via Hagerstown, Cafe car.

9:23 p. m. for Roanoke, Lynchburg, Richmond, Norfolk. Pullman sleeper to Norfolk. Roanoke to Richmond cafe car.

WEST BOUND.

8:15 a. m. for Iaeger and 11:30 a. m. for Williamson.

8:10 a. m. for Welch, Williamson, Kenova, Portsmouth, Columbus and points West. Pullman sleeper to Columbus. Cafe dining cars.

2:55 p. m. for Gary and intermediate stations. Pullman sleeper. Cafe car.

8:20 p. m. for Welch, Williamson, Kenova, Portsmouth, Cincinnati, Columbus St. Louis and the West. Pullman sleepers to Cincinnati and Columbus. Cafe car.

For additional information, apply at ticket office or to

W. B. BEVILL, Gen. Pass. Agt. Roanoke, Va.
M. F. BRAGG, Tra. Pass Agt.

NOTICE.

The overseer of the poor for each Magisterial District of Tazewell county is provided with a contingent fund of fifty dollars for each year, which is under control of the overseer of the poor and the member of the board, of the respective districts, to be used for cases of emergency. After this emergency fund has been expended by any overseer of the poor, for any one year, he has no authority, under the law, to bind the county for any further amount under any circumstances. All further allowances must be made by the Board of Supervisors.

Published by order of the Board of Supervisors of Tazewell county.

Teste:
S. M. Graham, Clerk.

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BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

F. Thompson, ch'm'n, Jeffersonville Dist.
C. A. Wagner, Clear Fork District.
W. J. Lester, Maiden Spring District.

Meetings of the Board of Supervisors for Tazewell county are as follows: Regular meetings first Monday in January and fourth Monday in July. Call meetings the second Tuesday in each month except January and July.

S. M. Graham, Clerk.